The Bystander, December 11, 1918. No. 784. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Presidential Delight

PRESIDENT WILSON has embarked for Europe—where he will have a royal welcome—to explain his now celebrated Fourteen Points. It is generally understood that he has come at the express invitation of Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau, to help them to make a peace that shall last for quite a long while; but it is not yet certain that even the President's very plenary powers will permit of his making binding decisions in the name of the U.S. Government at the final Peace Conference. Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson has telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London to the effect that it is "very delightful" to feel that peace has come at last. Only a little while ago the President wired to Mr. Lloyd George that it was "very delightful" to find such unanimity in their views, and the remark offers some attraction to the friends of the curious, for Mr. Roosevelt, when himself President, was credited with the stereotyped expression of "Dee-lighted!" when greeting his supporters individually, so that it would almost seem as if there were something in the air of the White House that makes for joy of an ecstatic kind.

"Please, Sir, It Wasn't Me!"

THERE is a rather unseemly rush of Germany's leading lights to disclaim responsibility for the *débâcle* that has come to the Central Empires. The ex-Crown Prince, from the exiguous quarters of his Dutch island home, desires it to be understood that the failure of the German Army is not his fault. It is Ludendorff that is to blame. And Ludendorff is equally positive that the fault lies entirely with von Hindenburg. It remains only for von Hindenburg to make a clean breast of it and to admit at once that the blame for the defeat of the German Army is to be laid at the door of —Marshal Foch. I have an idea that the Marshal will not be in a hurry to deny the soft impeachment.

Only a Rumour

BOTH the Williams of Hohenzollern have been most careful to point out that neither of them was in the least responsible for the war or for the irregular and unchivalrous manner in which it has been conducted. The ex-Kaiser coolly repudiates responsibility for all the atrocities, which, he seems to imply, exist only in the minds of British newspaper editors craving for a freak circulation; and the ex-Crown Prince languidly exclaims that if there has been any piracy on the high seas or any bomb-dropping on London it was all very silly and had nothing at all to do with him. Indeed, I shall not be surprised if these two strange exiles are not presently doubting whether there has been a war at all, as they have really been so busy with other matters that they have only heard vague rumours of it.

Poor Old "Wait and See"!

THE Premier is obviously determined to attend Mr. Asquith's political obsequies at an early date. He is handling this little matter with skill and taste. He will be ready with a delightful funeral oration and he will certainly not grudge a wreath. The Maurice debate attack clenched the business, and Mr. Asquith must never again expect to be the leader of a big party of his own. As likely as not he will himself go into the coalition trade and have a working arrangement of sorts with Labour, the Nationalists, and such of the freak candidates as wriggle into

ON THE FENCE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

St. Stephen's. And how the great Parliamentarian —for he is nothing less and, alas! nothing more— will squirm when he surveys the mob behind him?

Coalition or Collusion?

MEANTIME, the Coalition Party proper—or improper, just as we regard it—is certainly not free from its own troubles and anxieties. Strictly speaking, it is not a coalition at all, seeing that it does not embrace all the other parties in the House. It might be unkind, but scarcely inaccurate, to describe it as the Collusion. Mr. George and Mr. Law, perched on high pedestals as the accredited war-winners, give or refuse admission tickets to St. Stephen's. After all, if they really did the work themselves —after careful inquiry—there might be something to recommend it. But they do not. A couple of whips and a brace of chief agents sit round a table and dispense the patronage of their pocket boroughs. This return to the early Victorian is picturesque and rich in possibilities as far as party funds go.

The Amazing Sir George

THE Press has discovered Sir George Younger, the chairman of the Unionist Party, and, according to the Press, Machiavelli would be gratified if he could sit at Sir George's feet and learn a thing or two. This estimate may be flattering to the Scotch brewer, but it is very amusing to all who know him. The Conservatives have only had the advantage of one supremely able administrator, and he, of course, was the late Captain Middleton. He was strong enough to have a big say in policy-making even in Lord Salisbury's day. He was not content with creating organisations, but he invented cries, and he made his leaders live up to them.

In the Constituencies

THE election in its final stages will be all on peace terms and on nothing else. The present apathy surprises no one who understands the situation. The people did not want an election at all, and it is not easy for them to remember that one is in progress. Paper control and the new limitations on what candidates can spend leave the towns unplastered with flaming posters and party streamers.

NO RESEMBLANCE!

DISGRUNTLED VOTER (*as lady candidate passes*): "Now, I asks you 'ow can that represent me?'

More than this, the noisy leagues with their retinue of leather-tongued liars are out and under. The new act has smothered them. The Tariff Reform League must be in mourning and the Free Trade Union in sackcloth. There have been elections when both of these bodies spent a king's ransom. Now they are sobbing over their empty coffers, yet the new law would not allow them to spend the money if they had it.

Candidates' Wild Pledges

THE national demand for peace with punishment and payment to the last farthing has been a revelation not only to Ministers (who seldom know what the people are thinking of), but even to candidates who are in much closer touch. Those candidates are getting quickly into their stride and are ready to jump as far as necessary. John Bull has a big whip in his hand and even the Liberals of the old little Army and Navy type are straining to be acrobatic. If is simply wonderful how fervid these gentlemen are in their devotion to the Services. One thing is certain—the new House will be composed almost exclusively of men who are pledged to the very eyebrows to demand and accept nothing less than a crushing peace. As for the Kaiser and his guilty gang of murderers, the juries in the country have all given their verdicts. The only diversion is in the severity of the execution.

Out with the Washing

POOR little League of Nations has been smothered in the early weeks of his existence. This perverse weakling was born in Germany; indeed, he was twin brother to "No Annexations and Indemnities." Nobody wanted him except a few speech-makers, and now that our climate has become patriotic and bracing, he has simply coughed and passed away. We remember the khaki election and how nakedly jingo it was. This one will be violently jingo before it is over; and jingoism is a healthy and invigorating reviver to jaded spirits. I am all for it. It clears the stage of the cranks and kill-joys and long-haired Internationalists. The difficulty will be to choose between jingo and jingo. The Little Englander imitation variety is a spurious breed. These men have failed to convince themselves, and are not likely to pass muster with the least discriminating crowd.

Three "X"tra Points

WHICH ELECTORS WOULD DO WELL TO BEAR IN MIND

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 9, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

CAN'T say we're exactly *immersed*, here in England now, in this week's business of that amazing "Peace" election, which some call "sinister," "all too sudden," and Mr. Bernard Shaw not an election at all, but "a nomination for Parliament by Mr. Lloyd George of his wealthy, influential and useful associates, with little significance for anyone outside the worlds of finance, of business, and of old Parliamentary hands."

FOR one thing, the world, as someone says, is a little breathless. We know the dear old top's got to be remade and all that sort of thing, and that the sooner we start in on the job, after all these devastating years of war, the better. But a distinct morning-after-the-night-before feeling lurks. Hardly yet have we laid our armour down, and not yet do we know on what terms the sword's been sheathed so strangely "sudden-like." And last, but *not* least, it's not crystal-clear that such a rushed-together Parliament is going to be any better than the old one was at the great task of reconstruction *or* Hun-hunting.

"Haven't a notion how to vote"

"The Navy, which has always got an eye for a pretty wench"

HOWEVER . . . . must do something to keep the politicians amused, I suppose, and nothing matters *very* much if *only* we can stop 'em from fluttering too thickly round the Paris peace-pot. As the First Sea Lord says, were the Peace Conference conducted only by admirals and generals, peace for all time would be assured. And I guess there'd have been fewer Germans left to make peace with if admirals and generals had conducted the war, too!

TALKING of peace terms, ought to make up to the chatty Mr. Wilson, even for all the fearfully candid criticisms of his friends, oughtn't it, the tremendous reception we're giving him over here? They say Mrs. W.'s wearing simply *everything* new from top to toe—and I hope they'll be duly intrigued, those la-ads, those bh-oys, those ones, the officers of the Warspite, the Valiant, the Barham, and the Malaya, the great Q. E.'s own sisters, who are all going out to meet her!

APROPOS, I hear such an enthusiastic crowd as that which cheered itself hoarse over the King and his sons in Paris has seldom come together there. The trio had a *great* reception everywhere—especially perhaps that undeniable "paragon" amongst Royals, the Prince of Wales. War's made a man, and a gallant one, of the future King of England and Emperor of India, you know.

BY the way, though the air of Paris has fairly fluttered with Stars and Stripes—*one* daughter of America alone distributed thousands — these armistice weeks, I've heard from several quarters what a marked absence there's been of the British and Colonial emblems. The reason is, I believe, that there are none over there to buy, and I am asked by Miss Decima Moore, the lady of the Leave Club, to say that if any patriot will send some over to her she will undertake to distribute them, never mind if they send billions, in good time for the Peace Conference. I do hope people will. England, that has given most and lost most, ought not to stint her signs of victory, though that victory was gained by such a torrent of blood and tears.

REMINDS me, in the *Ville Lumière*, which once was the world's centre of gaiety, and will be again some day no doubt, they seem to have celebrated Peace with far less exuberance than we (alleged)

(Continued on page 464)

"Vive le Roi! Vive l'Entente"

SOME SKETCHES OF THE KING'S VISIT TO PARIS

It would have done the ex-Kaiser good to have witnessed the extraordinarily enthusiastic welcome given King George and his sons on the occasion of their recent visit. Republican France shouting itself hoarse in welcome to British Royalties is only one of the very many signs of the strength of the friendship between the two nations

"*IN ENGLAND—NOW!*" (*concluded*)

cold-blooded Saxons. Here, but for the Dora-isms that still remain, there might already have hardly ever *been* a war! The theatres, the restaurants, the shops, the galleries, the cinemas are crammed with obviously heart-easy, care-free crowds; and every day and every night the jazz bands play until, as someone has said, even the dead, in their shallow graves, must hear all the dancing feet.

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DRESSMAKERS are snowed under with orders for evanescent evening frocks, whose little lives hardly outlast a night. Shoemakers are turning out in stacks the gold and silver and satin slippers in which the modern maiden fox-trots. Hairdressers who wave us wish there were forty-eight hours in the day, for they have customers to fill 'em all. And if France makes all the non-stop silk stockings that London's gay ones "ladder," then must her silk trade, anyway, be booming.

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BUT in Paris, it seems, they haven't thrown off quite so quickly the burden and the shadow of war. There is still no dancing, and no evening dress is worn—not, as here, in the public places, anyway; and everything is closed down and dark and shuttered by ten o'clock, just as in war-time, in the city that once seemed never to go to bed at all. In London now, the "best" people—or perhaps they're better called the swiftest—are already immersed in the "going-on" habit once again. And not *all* the shows are by candle-light *or* rationed either.

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AND positively countless are the "shows" of all sorts, just so's we shan't get fed-up with the boredom of peace-time, what? For one, U-boats and Q-boats are up the Thames at Tower Bridge—with the Navy doing showman! Best proof *yet* that the war's really over—what?—when the Silent Service comes from its fastnesses, and we even call ships and ports and things by their proper names again.

"Already immersed in the 'going on' habit once again"

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THAT fearfully interesting naval picture show at the Grosvenor Galleries, for instance. . . . My *word*, but the Censor'd have popped me into a dungeon deep all right and the Hun would have won the war *certain* if I'd *dared* to disclose, only a week or so ago, how that in London now there are pictures actually of Scapa, that secret base in the wild North where the Grand Fleet's lived and had its slightly fed-up being safe through all these years of war!

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AND of Harwich, where the "fighting" destroyers are; and even Helen and I were let in to regattas and boiler cleans and things only by favour of the Competent Military Authority; and Dover, very patrollish, where lurk those funny fat monitors; and Rosyth, where Beatty's flagship is and the American Navy; and Granton, haunt of minesweepers, on one of which, by the way, I had the tea of my war-time life—*éclairs*, cream buns, chocolate cake, scones and *real* butter! As to where they got the "ingredients" from—well, sailors are *so* clever, aren't they?

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OTHER peace excitements here in England now include taking the car out for a run—just to Burford Bridge and back for a bit of lunch, what?—just to see how the old girl's moving. And my *next* trip to Paris, as I believe I told you, is by air—no more thirty-hour train and boat journeys for me, thanks. You can get over in a plane in two hours easy! Yes, certainly it *costs* more. But that's only 'cos at present there's a from-Ritz-to-Ritz atmosphere about it.

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ON-LEAVERS from France and home-comers from Mesopot and places will also, I think, like the newest song-show *Us*, at the Ambassadors. Those who lean to plenty of leg will find it—and very nice too—in an enchanting school-scene. Lady musical comedy devotees will revel in the very smart, swish, "sweet" frocks, and the Navy, which, as they say in *The Law Divine*, has always got an eye for a pretty wench, must on no account miss the chorus peaches, for the prettiest, pinkest, plumpest peachlets they really and truly are. And haven't been long on the bough either.

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THE other new play of the week is on the blindness of virtue lines, you know. Young woman, dreadfully beautiful, who you'd *think* had lived long enough, anyway, to *guess* at the unparalleled wickedness of man, just for fun announces she's married to another guest at a house-party. Her rage, horror, disgust, fright, outraged modesty and *hauteur* when the "husband" plays up to the part in the very last of stage bedroom scene, ought to draw the town all right. But for myself, innocence misplaced merely bores me.

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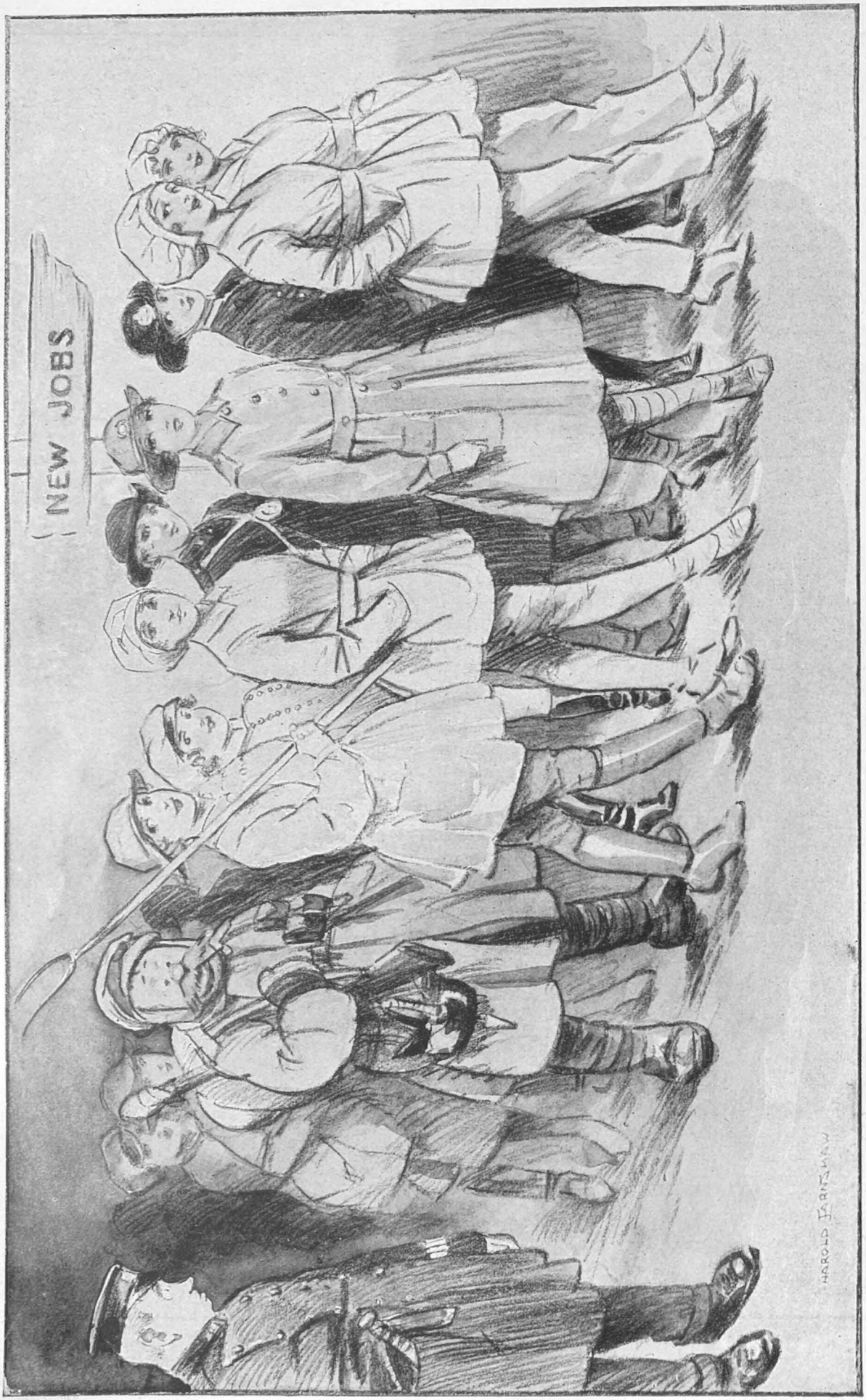
WHICH reminds me, this is a dreadful week for women. You see, even men who, of course, poor clever darlings, naturally know all about politics and that, haven't a notion how to vote this time, such is the hustled mystery of our 1918 election. So for us poor women who *only* want to do our duty by our country—as they say in the Navy—hot work on the cross-roads, eh, melad?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"KAMERAD!"



Good-bye-e-e!

The Callow Forty-Five

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

"Good Lord, Tony! What the devil are you doing in that rig?"

VI.

There never was a good cadet
Since we appeared in our "Gazette."

HAVING qualified for a commission by long and strenuous service in the ranks, I was invested with the white band of a blameless life, and sent to a Cambridge Cadet School.

My exit from the battalion caused more of a flutter than my arrival had done.

Higgins congratulated me with something like tears in his eyes: "Best thing that could have happened, Harold, old man. I've always been worried about you from the first. You're a sight too helpless for the ranks. Meet you at Buckingham Palace one of these days. Cheerio, pal!"

The eleven drapers' assistants from Wales rose and in one voice implored me to tell them "how I had wangled it."

My Company Sergeant-Major, who had been twice turned down by the War Office on the score of inexperience, said that from what he had seen of me my men would be delighted to follow me anywhere I was likely to lead them. I *think* he meant to be kind.

My Platoon Commander said: "We must be gettin' dam short of officers."

. . . . . .

The miracle—in so describing it I am influenced by my innate modesty and the force of public opinion—happened in this wise:

I was sent to a neighbouring mess with a message from my Company Commander. An orderly had taken my note and I was waiting the answer, when a head poked itself from a neighbouring tent.

"Good Lord, Tony!" it said. "What the devil are you doing in that rig?"

I had not seen Jack Garston since we shared a stretch of water on the Brightwell and I taught him how to throw a dry-fly. He must have taken more kindly to soldiering than he did to fishing.

"Come into the office," he said, "and tell me the story of your horrid past."

It is not my fault that Jack is in the habit of idealising his friends. Somehow or other, he had got the idea that a man who could hook a trout could do anything. He approached the subject of a commission with vehemence.

"But I don't want to be an officer," I said, "I've seen too much of 'em."

"Try not to be all shades of an ass, and don't contradict a superior officer," was the reply.

I saluted smartly—with the wrong hand—and less than a week later my papers for a Garrison Cadet Course came through.

That was the only really miraculous thing about the affair.

You cannot be too careful when
You start to strafe your fellow men.

DURING the period covered by the course, I cursed Jack Garston all round the clock. I started cursing him when they handed me a little library of light literature including "King's Regulations," "Manual of Military Law," "Infantry Training," and a round dozen of similarly thrilling works. I continued to curse, during each succeeding parade on Midsummer Common. I cursed him throughout the matutinal *strafe* at Caius, and I cursed him during endless lectures at the institute. I cursed him all the way to the Gogs and back again. I had never done with cursing.

"Damnit, man, can't you swear? Swear at 'em, sir!"

Blind fool that I had been to exchange a life of careless ease for such a round of strain and toil. I even had to clean my own buttons!

In moments of deepest gloom, I found myself regretting the eleven drapers' assistants, who had been kind to me in their quaint Celtic fashion.

But this was not often.

Let one instance suffice. When custom had slightly blunted the

sharp edges of lesser tortures, the inquisition under which we suffered conceived the revolting practice of forcing us to drill our fellows. Instructors were withdrawn, and the Adjutant, a hard, cruel man with a tongue like a rasp, would ride across to gloat over our suffering.

"Not a bit like it!" he would say. "This isn't a girls' school. Dammit, man, can't you swear? Or did you promise mother you wouldn't? Swear at 'em, sir! Make 'em jump to it! Officer, indeed! Dammy! I wouldn't make you a lance-corporal!"

It is not an easy thing to hurl insults at the head of a man who never did you any harm, and, besides, there is always the question of how he will take it. The wise plan is to select the mildest person in the squad and serve it up to him hot.

I did this once. He was a new comer and wore spectacles. I felt that I could hold my own in any recriminations that might ensue. He was just about my weight!

"Number Seven!" I shouted, "what the blazes do you mean by rolling about like a drunken elephant? Look at your knees, man! Look at your hands! What did God give you elbows for? Officer indeed! Dammy, I wouldn't make you a lance-corporal."

The little man took it splendidly. He didn't turn a hair, and the Adjutant was delighted.

During the break, a large and extremely angry person, who had been recommended for a commission for killing sixteen Germans in one dug-out, asked me what the devil I meant by it.

"I wasn't speaking to you," I said; "I was addressing my remarks to Number Seven."

"I was Number Seven," said he.

Would you believe it? In the excitement of the moment, I had started to count from the wrong end of the squad!

"'My flat,' said the beautiful girl, 'is on the first floor'"

To give the poor cadet his due,
He tries to mould the world anew.

THE last weeks of the cadet course proved particularly thrilling. During those fateful days you are invited to bare your soul to a Board of Examiners, and to drill a company under the supervision of the Adjutant. Finals in the cricket and tennis tournaments are decided. Vows of everlasting fidelity are repeated *ad nauseam* in the meadows around Grantchester and along the Backs.

There is a dinner at which the Commanding Officer informs you that he has never had to do with such a perfectly splendid lot of fellows. That, in effect, the last course is easily the first course and the best course of all.

You receive your Sam Browne from ordnance, and, if you are wise, you do *not* try to stain and polish it yourself. It is very white, as full of oil as a cod's liver and strong enough to strangle a mule. Evidently there are pessimists at headquarters who expected the war to last a long time.

You say good-bye to your rifle and that *is* a pleasure. Your rifle is your best friend—God help you. It has more parts than "Infantry Training" has paragraphs, or a sailor has sweethearts. You know everything about it that you want to know. You grasp it warmly by the small of the butt. Quite brazenly you pull the gauze through it for the last time. And you hope that you may never see its like again, either in this war or the next.

These details being satisfactorily settled, you sit round in small groups to decide the future of your new platoon. You are unanimous in deciding to scrap the old Army regime. Pre-war methods were all very well in pre-war days, but the new army is more enlightened and demands different treatment. You are out to provide it.

"After all," you argue, "men are not machines. They may be led by kindly consideration into the paths of military efficiency. A little more of the *suaviter in modo* and a little less of the *fortiter in re*."

There will be opposition, of course, but you will adopt a firm line with your sergeant-major from the commencement. He can either fall into line or he can bally well do the other thing.

And you chuckle grimly when you consider the only possible alternative.

'Tis better to have loved—and won
Than anything *I've* ever done.

I HAD not been in town a couple of hours before Hindenburg was after me.

A maroon exploding on my right flank, with intent to enfilade, gave me timely warning of his dishonest intentions. Corroboration was provided by a special constable, who blew a whistle in my left ear, and hurled me into a handy doorway.

A beautiful girl was struggling desperately to unlock the door with a pair of lorgnettes. I knew she must be beautiful because a plain girl would have had more sense—she would have used a key.

"Permit me!" said I, opening the door—which was unlocked—and we passed together into the hall.

"My flat," said the beautiful girl, "is on the first floor."

"And mine," said I, "is in Albemarle Street."

"But that is at least half a mile from here," said the girl.

"Three-quarters would be nearer the mark," I corrected her.

(Continued on page 470)

Bargains in Bombs

Anarchists at a sale on the Western Front. Several good hand-grenades, suitable for elections, were also sold

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"THE GALLANT FORTY-FIVER" (*concluded*)

"You couldn't possibly do it in the time," she cried.

"I don't intend to try," said I.

. . . . . .

The first gun was not fired until we were half-way through coffee, and the barrage boomed merrily for a couple of hours after that. It was two o'clock before there was a lull. I reached for my hat.

"Wait for the 'All Clear,'" she urged. "They always come back and I should never forgive myself if anything happened to you."

"I have noticed myself," I said, "that they always come back. If we are to die, let us die at least as close together as possible."

. . . . . .

"Don't you think it might be safer," she said presently, "if the lights were turned down the tiniest bit?"

To turn down an electric light even the tiniest bit without turning it off altogether is an art which I have not acquired. I must practise it in my bath.

. . . . . .

Clear and unmistakable across the still night air came the sound of a bugle.

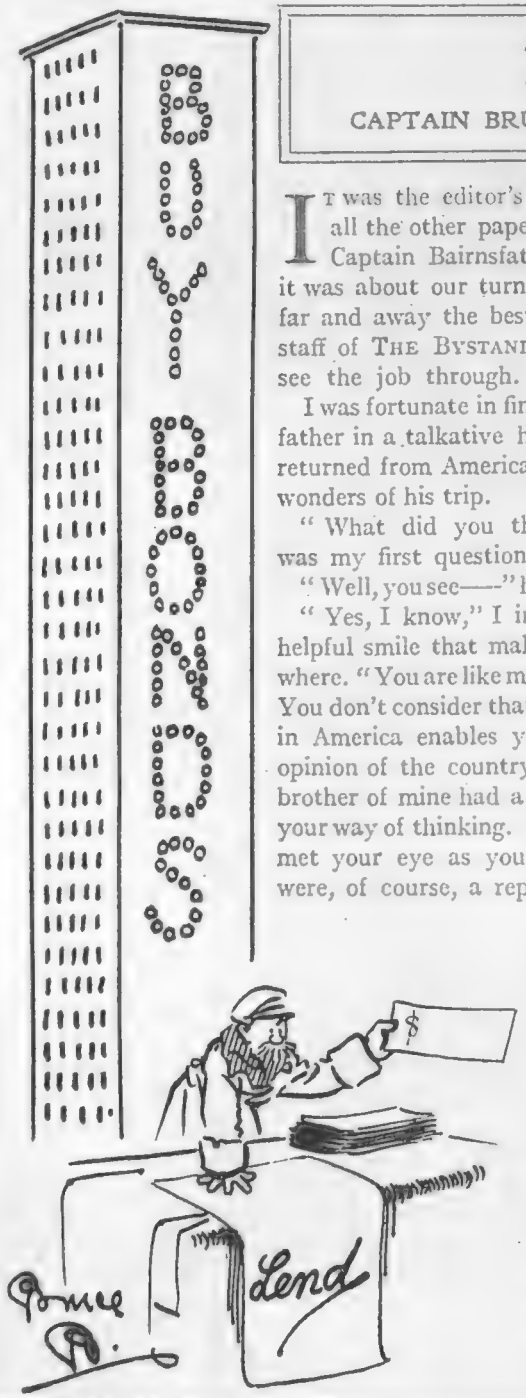
It was the "All Clear."

Victoria, Knightsbridge, and Piccadilly echoed the mad refrain. In Battersea and Bayswater, in Kensington and Kew tired Londoners learned the glad tidings with great joy.

The ancient aristocracy of Aldgate crawled from its dug-outs.

But the beautiful girl heard nothing.

She was asleep. *(To be continued next week)*



200,000 Dollars

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER INTERVIEWED BY "JINGLE"

It was the editor's idea. He said that all the other papers were interviewing Captain Bairnsfather, and he thought it was about our turn now. And as I am far and away the best interviewer on the staff of THE BYSTANDER, he asked me to see the job through.

I was fortunate in finding Captain Bairnsfather in a talkative humour. He had just returned from America, and was full of the wonders of his trip.

"What did you think of America?" was my first question.

"Well, you see——" he began hesitatingly.

"Yes, I know," I interposed, with that helpful smile that makes me welcome anywhere. "You are like most modest travellers. You don't consider that a stay of a few weeks in America enables you to form a useful opinion of the country and its people. A brother of mine had a friend who was just your way of thinking. The first things that met your eye as you came into harbour were, of course, a reporter and a camera man. Is that so?"

"Precisely," he replied. "You see, I——"

"Quite so," I said. "And although you heartily dislike making speeches you had to oblige on several occasions. You addressed large meetings and in one way or another raised the sum of 200,000 dollars for the Liberty Loan. That was great! And you addressed a crowd on the platform of the Central Railroad with good results. And did you not also speak to a large audience from the pulpit?"

"Yes, that's right," he answered. "It was like this, I——"

"Exactly," I said. "I should expect to find Old Bill in a good many places, but it would never occur to me to look for him in a pulpit. That, I may explain, is a little joke of mine, Captain. I make a joke now and again in print, and though people do not always see the point of it at first, it dawns on them after they have had time to go home and think it over. You seem to have spoken very well and to some purpose, if I may say so. I'm not much of a speaker myself, though sometimes at public dinners I get up and fire off quite a lot of neat little impromptus that I have jotted down during the day. You were quite impressed by what America has done for the war, I believe?"

"America is wonderful," replied Captain Bairnsfather eagerly, "I——"

"I'm sure of that," I replied. "I quite understand. The way America has thrown herself into this business was a revelation to you. I know just how you feel about it because a friend of mine has a cousin in the Chicago bully-beef trade. But I mustn't trespass on your time any longer. Good-bye, and thank you so much for having been so communicative."

And with that I took my leave of the famous caricaturist and soldier, confident that if he did not think overmuch of my conversational gifts, I must at least have left him with the impression that I am a very good listener.

Reconstruction in Week-Ends

"Hello, old chap, going away?"
"Oh, just off to Yokohama for the week-end!"

Trespassers Beware!

By THE OLD GUARD

Now that the clash of arms is done, and victory is ours by the favouring smile of the gods, they that govern us are set upon the thankless task of creating a new heaven and a new earth. 'Tis a work, masters, that will tax to the full the wisdom and wariness of them that have put their hands to it; and such poor part as we ourself may play in the great transformation has yet to be determined. For there is to be an election of Parliament men; and we, with a true and lofty ideal of our exalted profession, are already gripping our trusty pen in readiness for the fray. At such times as this it is the duty of all men to take sides; and if we pause a moment before flinging ourself headlong into the *mêlée*, it is but because we are, for the moment, without knowledge as to which side we shall be hired to take.

But when the word has been passed to us, we shall be found ready. Let the opposed, therefore, beware of us and our righteous wrath. We shall hurl the thunders of Jove about his ill-conditioned ears, and hold him up to the scorn and hatred of all men. Let him (whoever he may chance to be) dare but to express the mildest doubt about the policy we are retained to defend (and as to that we await news), and we shall have at the varlet with all the force at our command. We shall tell a listening world the simple truth about the upstart candidate who has so impudently dared to run counter to our convictions of a lifetime. There will be a stern hint in our burning words that the fellow is, like enough, but a fugitive from justice, and that more of his doings than he has given out to the Press may be found in the Newgate Calendar.

The man who seeks to rise to so far above his fellows as to call for their votes and interest must have a record that is without spot or blemish. We shall show that the man who opposes our lofty aims (which will, doubtless, be revealed to us later) is a danger to the community and a parasite gnawing at the vitals of the empire. We shall call heaven to witness that his ancestors (if such a creature may presume to have ancestors) were probably hung for sheepstealing, or whipped at the cart's tail for common vagrancy. With a fine pathos, and a more or less genuine emotion, we shall ask the free and independent electors whether it was for such scum as this that their forbears won the priceless gift of the suffrage; and from thence it will be but an easy stage to allege that the fellow is, like enough, but a miserable cat's paw in the pay of malignant foreigners, whose sinister design is the wrecking of our glorious constitution. We await but the word that hires us, and the news of the side we are to take, before leaping into the arena and smiting the opponents of our policy hip and thigh.

And yet, until some man hath hired us, we are still free to speak for ourself alone. Hence will we pray that in these tempestuous days there will be few that forget that, wide asunder as our individual views may be, we are one nation and one family. The spirit that won the war may yet persist to bring us the peace of our pride. The high-born and the lowly, the reverent and the revolutionary, that met as comrades upon a farther field, may still be friends that bear a friend's infirmities. When passions run high, as they ever must on truths the least securely grasped, the time is ripe for the simple charity that is the greatest virtue of them all.

We joined hands with many whom we loved but little when a sterner discord reigned without; shall we do less when a milder discord reigns within? We trow not, masters. True it is that men are but children of a larger growth, and when their best-loved toys are broken they must fret and whimper for a while; but we have agreed to abide by the arbitration of the ballot-box, and with that we may let the fever end. Wherefore let us, as a figure of speech, dip d'Abernon and his meaner company in a butt of Malmsey for the good of their souls, and take a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.

OPPORTUNITY MAKES THE MAN

SHE: "How is it so many candidates are putting up this time?"
HE (*old hand*): "The prohibitive price of eggs, my dear!"

The Victory March

Canadian War Records

MONS. Canadian troops captured Mons on the day the armistice was signed. Our picture shows a section of the R.A.F. passing the saluting base in Mons Square on the occasion of the entry into the town of the First Army Commander

METZ. Marshal Petain making entry, at the head of his troops, taking possession of Metz, after nearly 48 years of waiting

BRUSSELS. The return of Belgium's King to the Capital. In the picture are shown King Albert, Queen Elizabeth, and the Royal Princes, heading the march of the troops into Brussels, the Allied Generals being immediately behind the Royal party

ANTWERP. The King of the Belgians, his Queen, and two sons, watch a march past of troops in the City of Antwerp, the King and his people rejoicing in their reunion

French Official Photographs.

MAUBERGE. The Thanks of Mauberge: Our picture shows the Mayor of Mauberge reading an address of thanks to General Mathison and the Canadian forces for rescuing the town, while the inhabitants acclaim their deliverers with wild enthusiasm

We hope our readers will forgive us for devoting just a little space to the above incidents, while really big, epoch-making events, such as the entry of Mr. Peter Bloggs as a candidate for Muddleton, and other election contests, are stirring the noblest enthusiasm of the whole British people

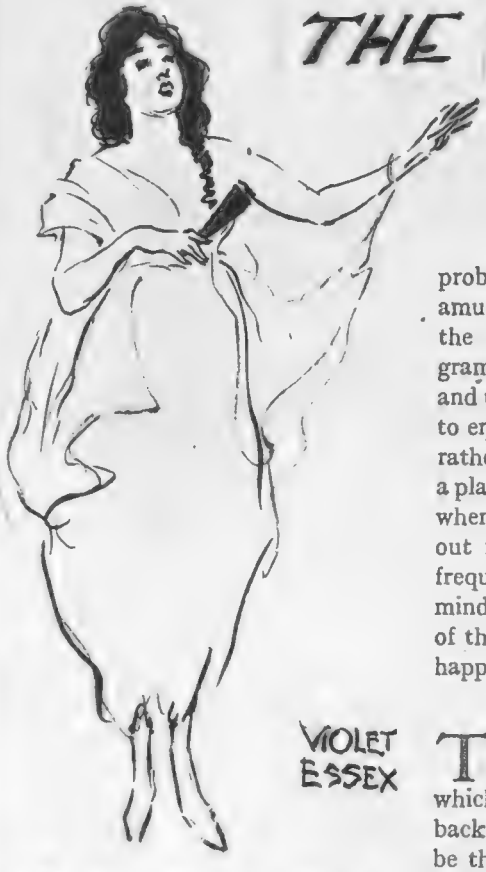
AND NO I

EMNITIES?

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE PALLADIUM

By "JINGLE" — Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS



VIOLET ESSEX

THE old-fashioned music-hall seems to have gone off the map altogether; and the modern kind is very well represented by the Palladium. In days gone by men did not take their wives to music-halls—perhaps for fear that they might learn more than it was convenient for them to know; but nowadays you can take your wife and—if you feel in a prodigal mood—her mother as well. The management seem to have most successfully solved the problem of how to be politely amusing without being dull. On the evening of my visit the programme was full of good things, and the audience seemed thoroughly to enjoy them all. One seemed to be rather at a large family party than a place of public entertainment; and whenever the vast audience broke out into a roar of laughter, as was frequently the case, it must have reminded the gentlemen in khaki around of the high explosives they have happily left behind them for good.

THE entertainment was opened by "The Sparkling Mozelles," which, if I can remember as far back as four years ago, used to be the name of some kind of wine. The sparkling ones are two in number and feminine in gender; and I suppose they get their name from the fact that their entertainment is light and invigorating. It is true that a tight-fitting garment with large spots scattered over it is not the most humane spectacle to spring upon an ordinary person immediately after dinner. Still, there the pattern was, and I am sure about it because I wiped my glasses a second time so that there should be no doubt upon the point.

TUCKER
SINGING VIOLINIST

LITTLE TICH

BUSINESS WITH HAT

BUSINESS WITH NOSE

IMITATION OF A BIRD TAKING TO WINGS

THEN there was Vera Wootton, described as "the irresistible comedienne." She is all that. I am sure I should be the last to try to resist her myself. Among other changes for which we have to thank the war are the fashions in music-hall costumes. Miss Wootton, for instance, appears in the full rig-out of an aviator at the front, and a very fascinating appearance it is too. Her song is chiefly about a lady who wanted to be taken up in an aeroplane, and it is sung to a tune with quite a lively swing to it. After Miss Wootton came Mr. Sam Stern, an American comedian, with character studies of unusual excellence. The first was that of an Italian ice-cream man with a waistcoat that must have rivalled Joseph's richly-tinted coat. His song was a song of love, as that sort of thing is, apparently, understood in the ice-cream world. It was a fierce lament that a rival named Antonio had stolen his girl, and in consequence things were going to happen to Antonio that would never enter the head of peaceable and law-abiding people. Among Mr. Stern's physical assets are two rows of really perfect teeth, and when he laughs in his inimitable way, he shows pretty well the whole thirty-two. Harris has made a sketch of some of them—but, I forgot, you don't know Harris.

HARRIS is the latest infliction in artists that has been put upon me by a volatile editor. Hitherto, for my own convenience, I have gone the rounds with an artist who has for choice been a smaller man than myself, as it has always saved time in arguments. And now I am hitched, as it were, to this large, muscular youth, who looks down upon me charitably from his height of six-feet-two or so as if he were wondering what I propose to do about it. Still, I suppose we've all got our troubles; and now I come to think of it, this is not an autobiography, but a notice of the Palladium. When the fifth item was indicated by the electric switchboard, or whatever they call these illuminated dials, quite a sigh of satisfaction went through the house. The number indicated that Miss Ruth Vincent was positively about to appear, and Miss Vincent is evidently a favourite at the Palladium. She sang to us two songs in her best operatic style, and then, in response to the energetic encore that would

not be denied, she gave us a most exquisite rendering of "Comin' Through the Rye.' After all, the old songs are the best songs, and the audience cheered the happy

singer till you would have thought the roof must have cracked in several places.

THEN there was Little Tich with a nonsense song about what happens to goods and chattels at the Lost Property Office, the whole interspersed with business and by-play which was as ingenious as it was laughable. By way of satisfying the popular clamour for more of the same kind of fun Little Tich gave us his now well-known turn of the ballet dancer in everlasting trouble with the accordion pleats. I seem to have seen Little Tich on the stage as long as I can remember; and yet I noticed no sign of a diminution in his marvellous activity. It is strange that some people seem to remain young always while deserving persons like me—but there I go! Talking about myself again. Dear, dear!

TUCKER, the singing violinist, is another prime favourite at the Palladium, and with good reason. He can make his violin do almost anything but talk. But it cracks better jokes than some people I know—not that I wish to mention any names; as I always say when the other chap is several sizes bigger than you are, discretion is the thing that pays best. Besides, Harris is there to draw pictures, not to gossip with idle people like myself. That brings me back to Tucker the violin expert. After one or two songs, accompanied by himself, Tucker does some very creditable dancing; and then he plays snatches of well-known melodies and leaves the audience to fill in the blanks with a light-hearted whistle. This struck me as being rather new in the way of business; it was certainly enjoyed by the audience most hugely.

THEN we had Miss Violet Essex, very accurately described as a Charming Singer of Charming Songs. Miss Essex will be remembered for her delightful solos in the evergreen *Chu Chin Chow*; and that evening she had ceased to be Persian and had become Japanese, a fashion that lent itself admirably to her light and tuneful singing. I think I have heard before her "Good Night" song to the audience; but I found it none the less charming. Miss Essex supplies a turn that is quite admirable in its delicate harmony and dainty grace, and I judge from the reception accorded to her that if I had put that verdict to the meeting it would have been carried unanimously.

ANOTHER turn that gave wide satisfaction was that of Mr. Fred Barnes, a light comedy singer of unusual merit. His most applauded effort was about a lady named Eve and an apple, the idea being that as Adam was not beneath kissing a nice girl, it would ill become his mere descendants to throw away their chances, as it were. I am not a person who agrees with everything everybody says, but I subscribe to that doctrine with both hands. Altogether considering the strange company in which I found myself—not that I wish to insist upon it, as I am a peace-loving person—the entertainment at the Palladium afforded me a very pleasurable evening.

JINGLE

THE Ministry of Food threatens a shortage of meat in the next six months. Optimists must laugh and grow fat.

"CAN M.P.'s live on £400 a year?" Headline. Members have their choice. If four hundred is not enough they can apply for the Chiltern Hundreds.

GERMANY knows by now that she has got to "stand Sam."

THE Prussian Diet: Humble Pie.

THE Canadian Food Committee have decided that fruit is not a necessity. Adam thought so too, but Eve knew better.

THE armistice was really a disarm-istice.

THE German courier came from Spa to acknowledge the knock-out blow.

The Doings of "E 14"

THE FAMOUS SUBMARINE AND HER V.C. COMMANDER

CREW OF THE "E 14" AT MUDROS

Official photographs *Crown Copyright*

LIEUT.-COMMANDER BOYLE, V.C.
On board H.M. Submarine "E 14"

"E 14" LEAVING FOR THE DARDANELLES
Commander Boyle (in overcoat) is seen on the bridge

Lieut.-Commander Boyle, as he then was, ran "E 14" through the Dardanelles, on April 26, 1915, and on April 27 attacked a large Turkish gunboat in the Sea of Marmora. Two days later he sank a Turkish transport. On May 1 Lieut.-Commander Boyle sank a gunboat of the Anitab class, and on the 10th of the same month sent another Turkish transport to the bottom. Returning to the base, "E 14" and her gallant crew again went through the Dardanelles, and on June 10 sank ten sailing craft and dhows. Two days after, they torpedoed a large steamer. Getting safely home again, once more the "E 14" invaded Turkish waters, and between July 21 and August 12 sank seven Turkish sailing vessels, a supply ship, and a steamer

Reconstruction in Politics

By G. E. RAINE

The Central Party

In future, everyone will be "in politics." The conditions of the lives of all will be under the control of Parliament. Whether we like it or not, the war has plunged us into State Socialism, simply for the reason that our difficulties are too big for private enterprise and individual control. The old parties will go and with them most of the old gangs, and, I hope, the old methods too. I foresee a powerful Central Party, and I feel sure that Mr. Lloyd George is resolved to form it. It will be sandwiched between the "cold-bloods" and the "hot-heads" with the selfish grab-all-they-can people on the one side, and the wild wavers of the Red Flag on the other. We shall very soon learn that many "capitalists" are humane and enlightened and that the majority of the "workers" are as sensible as they are sincere.

The Importance of Parliament

The wide extension of the franchise is an act of supreme wisdom. It gives the nation a constitutional means of expressing itself. I, personally, have no very great hopes of the coming Parliament in point of efficiency, but I anticipate a really high standard in the near future. When everyone realises how Parliament can help or hurt them, they will crumple up every party caucus and refuse to have inferior head office M.P. products dumped on them.

Freedom in Order

We shall probably find that the working principle of the Central Party will be to secure the largest measure of individual freedom that is possible under a sane scheme of central collective control. This is a kind of Socialist-Individualism which would develop character, initiative, and personal incentive in the citizen, while at the same time eliminating waste in the State. The three great problems of the near future will be Health, Production, and Finance.

New Ministries

The making of generous provision for our fighting men is, I take it, a matter upon which immediate agreement will be reached. The question of national health, on the other hand, will never again be missing from a King's Speech. A Ministry of Health will give us the necessary central authority, but we shall find that strenuous opposition will be organised to many of its remedial measures. We may even one day have a general election on Health—a splendid thing to happen. When our people at last understand how much of the pain and misery that are about us are preventable, the progress of the Health Minister will be easier. I confidently await the coming of a golden age of citizenship.

Industrial Adjustment

Production raises the issue of a full access to the land and also of its high and increasingly scientific cultivation. It also involves legislation on a minimum wage, to be accepted merely as the minimum and not as a standard rate; and a maximum of hours which will certainly start from an eight-hour day. At the same time, organised labour will be invited to sit round a table and discuss very frankly those trade union customs which, until they were surrendered (under a promise of restoration intact when peace came), restricted output.

Politics and Finance

It will be obvious that all these are social and industrial problems which affect everyone. This is why, I say, that everyone will be "in politics" henceforward; and that, again, is why the politics of the future will not be the mere "side-show" that they have so often been in the past. Our Finance will be a choice between thrilling alternatives. How much of our war indebtedness and reconstruction outlay shall we take "out of the lump" and how much shall be saddled on to posterity? We may await a shouting match over this between Dives and the Red-Flag men. On the other hand, a Central Party may be expected to take a sane and safe middle course. Besides, we do not yet know what we shall extract from Germany.

Peaceful Revolution

We may take it that we have before us for years to come a time of high wages, high taxes, and high cost of living. The first of these is excellent, the last is deplorable, and the second is inevitable. The supreme test of future statesmanship will be that stimulation of output which will itself materially reduce the cost of living. In fact, without a vastly increased output we may as well put up the national shutters. Before these great tasks can be performed Parliament will be changed out of all recognition; and most of those changes will be for the better. It is not easy to forecast a bloodless revolution on a sheet of notepaper.

Reconstruction

RECONSTRUCTING A CHURCH STEEPLE FROM FRAGMENTS

Coming Events

By CECIL SOMMERS

(Author of "Temporary Heroes," etc.)

WE had been liberating Belgium at the rate of about thirty kilos and four blisters on the feet per day, and we were down to half iron rations. No liquid celebrant was within a hundred and thirty-seven mined cross-roads of us. In fact, it was a very poor armistice. Few of us could remember a poorer.

So the doctor's dream can hardly be put down to an over celebration of the end of the war. Rather it must have been the uneasy foreboding of the days when he gets his civvy clothes on once more.

He told us all about it at breakfast:

"It was one of those horrible, impersonal sort of dreams, you know, in which you seem to watch yourself doing the most absurd things without being able to interfere in any way. Well, there I was, sitting at my table in the dimly lit regimental aid post. Enter Johnson, Sergeant-Major par excellence, with Levy—you all know Levy, don't you, a fat, pompous chap, with greasy hair and an unparalleled flair for swinging the lead?

"'Private Levy, quick march—left turn—right turn—halt! Stand still there! Private Levy, sir, wishes to see you, sir. States he is unfit for parade, sir.'

"'And so you're here again, Levy.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And do you remember what I said to you last time you came here—that next time you reported sick without a cause you were for the Colonel?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'What's your complaint to-day, then?'

"'Well, sir, it's like this. I've got pains all over, especially from here to here. My head seems all swimmy like, sir. And I've a sort of empty feeling just here. And shooting pains all down the side of my legs.'

"'Well, Levy, I don't believe a word you say! There's nothing the matter with you but sheer malingering. March this man out, Sergeant-Major, and see that he comes up before the Colonel for persistently reporting sick without cause.'

"'Very good, sir.'

. . . . . .

"One of dreamland's fleeting total eclipses overtook the retreating figures of Johnson and Levy. Half a second later and the regimental aid post had changed to my luxuriously furnished consulting-room at home. My dream self was addressing a metamorphosed Levy in frock coat and top hat. He seemed to be on the point of leaving, for Johnson, in the habiliments of a butler, was waiting at the door with one hand on the knob.

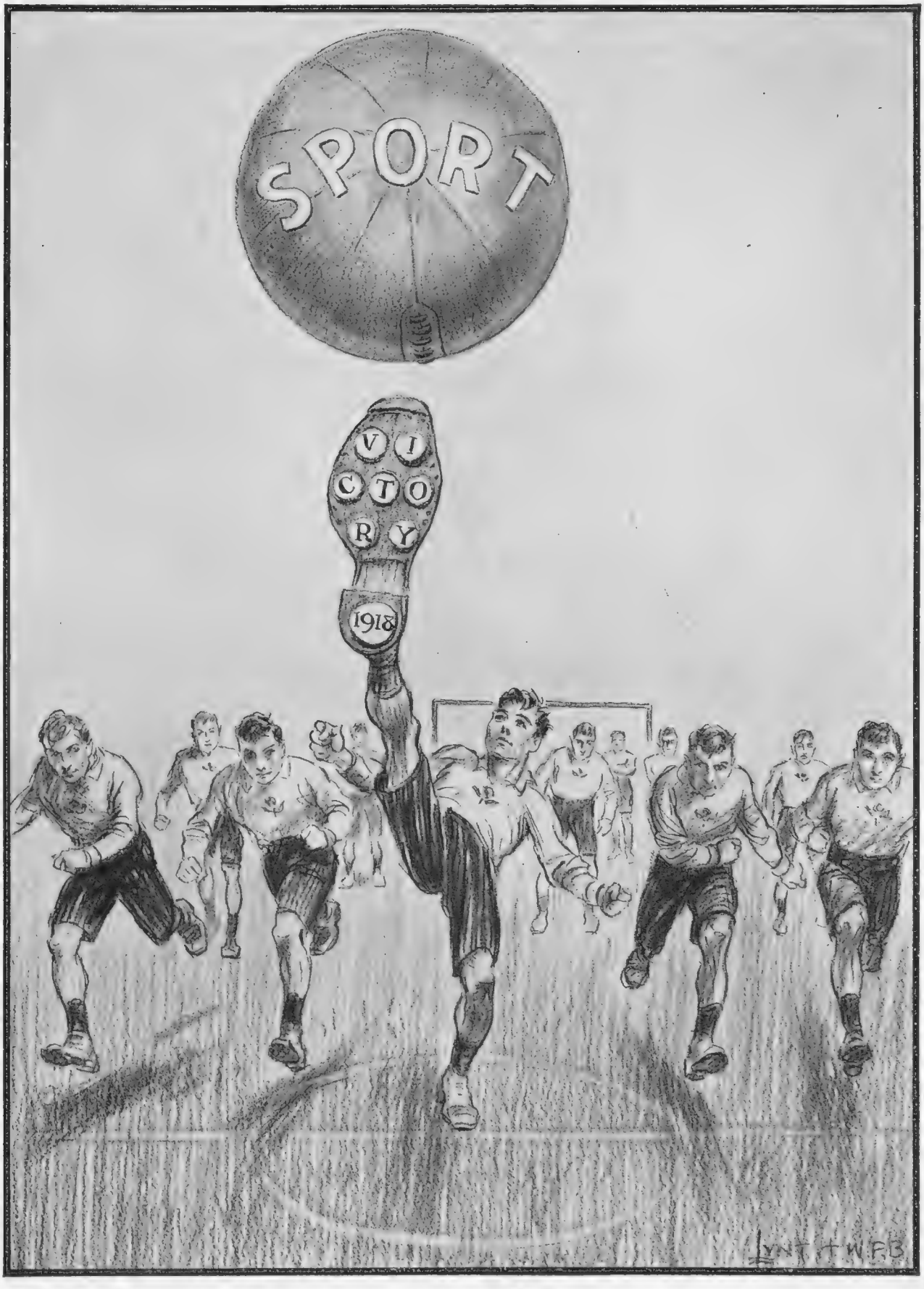
"'Well, as I was saying, my dear Mr. Levy, you are thoroughly run down, and need a little pick-me-up. A fortnight's complete rest at—let us say—Eastbourne would do you a world of good; and, remember, light food—a little chicken or a filleted sole, with, perhaps, half a bottle of good Burgundy. For the vibrations in your head I will prescribe a tonic, and a course of massage perhaps for the shooting pains in the legs, but the other ailments are signs of general debility, and a rest is essential—a complete rest, my dear Mr. Levy, and remember the Burgundy. Oh, no, not at all! Whenever it is convenient to you. Good day. Good day.'

"From the passage came the sound of Johnson's voice: 'This way, if you please, sir—yes, sir—your coat, sir—is that so, sir—and your hat. Oh, thank you, sir. Good morning, sir.'

"Then I woke up."

"You are looking rather aged this morning Doc," remarked the Adjutant

MICROBE PHOTOGRAPHY: DESPONDENCY



THE KICK-OFF

68·69 and 70
Ludgate Hill
In the Shadow of St. Paul's
TRELOAR & SON
70 TRELOAR 68
TRELOAR
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Seamless Axminster Carpets · Rugs · Wilton Carpets · Linoleum
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Call and Inspect or Write for Patterns and Prices
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The Bystander in Paris

"LA VIE REPREND." Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"There was not a hat that was not so dear"

MES AMIS—

IT is not, you know, a good economy to leave very beautiful flags of so great value as sixty francs to be wetted with the rain and torn with the wind, and so in our avenue, after the week of the armistice, we have taken them away to save for the next fête. But it was first the day of Alsace-Lorraine, when everyone has worn the costume of Alsace and we must put them back; then it was that King Albert of the Belgians was to come, and again our flags must be hung at our windows; and

"The day of Alsace-Lorraine"

then it was that Paris must especially make herself beautiful for the King George and your Prince of Wales. I think that when Monsieur le President Wilson will arrive our flags will be quite ribbons.

WHEN every week we have such fêtes of the nice kings, I think how the run-away Kaiser must bite his fingers with envy to sit in his château in Holland and read such a history, and to think of the beautiful *déjeuner* that Herr Jellineck had arranged that he should have at the Hôtel Astoria in the September, 1914, while his army should make the *pas d'école* below our Arc de Triomphe.

NOW it is for the greatest fête of all that we attend, when our armies and all our Allies will march through the Porte Maillot and up the Avenue de la Grande Armée under the Arc and down the Champs Elysées. Oh, what emotion! They say that that day we will have a *parterre de rois*, but for me of the *République* it is the *poilus* and the Tommies that most I will cheer. It will be then their day.

BUT I wish that now it was summer, with a beautiful sun to make our processions gay, because one can so much more enjoy them when one has not feet of snow and the nose like a strawberry ice. Though we have now our fêtes, you know, it is so difficult to believe that it is the peace. One is not so *défaitiste* as the old Léonie, who says: "How matters it, the peace, when there are no more potatoes in the market?" But it will not be until the next year when we have again enough to make a good dinner without to be ruined that in Paris we will really believe.

IT is only those who have been very wicked to make the great profits out of the war who can now afford to make their enjoyment like one wishes, to have parties and to buy new frocks. There was, for example, one day when Lucile and I have decided that we would make a dinner party for our friends to fête the *victoire*. It was so gay, because our brother, Frédèric was come on *permission*, and has brought his friend, the Captain d'Estrouelle.

BUT the next day, when I have ordered that Léonie should buy our *déjeuner*, she has said: "But, Ma'mselle, I have not any more money," and it was then only the Monday with six days of the housekeeping to do. Our friends had eaten all our dinners of the week, and now we are decided that we will not any more give a dinner party till all the Allies have left Paris

"Must not pay a fortune for the little partridges not bigger than the sparrows"

and one must not pay a fortune for the little partridges not bigger than the sparrows.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

THERE was, too, that we have wished each to buy a little hat and perhaps a fur of the celebrations. When one has joy it is so much better that one can feel it to have a new hat. It is like what you say the pickles with the beef.

BUT when we have gone to our shop, *oh, la, la!* there was not at all a hat which was not so dear as the crown of the Empress Josephine. And the *fourreurs*—one could imagine that the *lapin* was now so precious as the ermine of before the war.

FOR so long we have argued how we should manage, because you know one is not a millionaire, and then Lucile has had so good an idea. It is now that I have the new hat for my celebration and she has the new furs. But I have thought how I would be now better to have been in the war the wife of a *fabricant* of munitions than to spend my time to write.

AT the doors of the great *couturiers* of the rue de la Paix, there are the little notices "*On demande des premières et des petites mains.*" It is our first sign that the life begins again. Without our dress-making it is nothing, our Paris, and soon, perhaps, we will have again our hats cheaper than for the procession of your King. And how astonishing, I think, will be the robes when we have our Grand Prix of the *victoire*.

"It is the Poilus and the Tommies that most I will cheer"

AND how it will be strange not to see any more the khaki and the *bleu horizon*. Already *la jeunesse* begins to plan the costumes which will be *chic* like the uniform, but for me I shall not like so well the *civils* as the nice tunics and the tight trousers with high boots. Frédéric says that he will design for himself so beautiful costumes of black and gold for the evening, and of blue and green for the morning. And he does so wish to keep his red trousers with the black stripes which are so handsome.

THE Capitaine d'Estrouelle, who is of the nobility, has said that he would form a society to wear costumes of silk and lace, with beautiful colours. We have argued how it would be very bad for the democracy that the rich should wear so beautiful clothes, but M. d'Estrouelle who is a *camelot du roi*, though he has been wounded three times for the République, has answered: "For me, I prefer the peach-coloured stockings of Louis XV. to the black coat of M. Poincaré."

BUT perhaps we *may* keep our République, which has won the war and yet succeed to be *chic*. How it will be a great work to make the mode of 1919.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

The "Mayflower's" Return

ON September 4, 1620, the founders of the New England States sailed on the "Mayflower" from Plymouth. Now, nearly three hundred years later, their descendants return to fight for the freedom their fathers won. In a picture of marvellous vigour, Mr. Bernard F. Gribble commemorates the event. The artist shows the U.S. warships nearing British shores, the Stars and Stripes seeming to dominate the sea. *The Graphic* promptly secured the right to reproduce the great painting in colour, and now purchasers of "The Graphic Christmas Number" receive as a gift a faithful copy of the picture. In other respects, "The Graphic Christmas Number" is fully up to the high standard set by itself in the years gone by.

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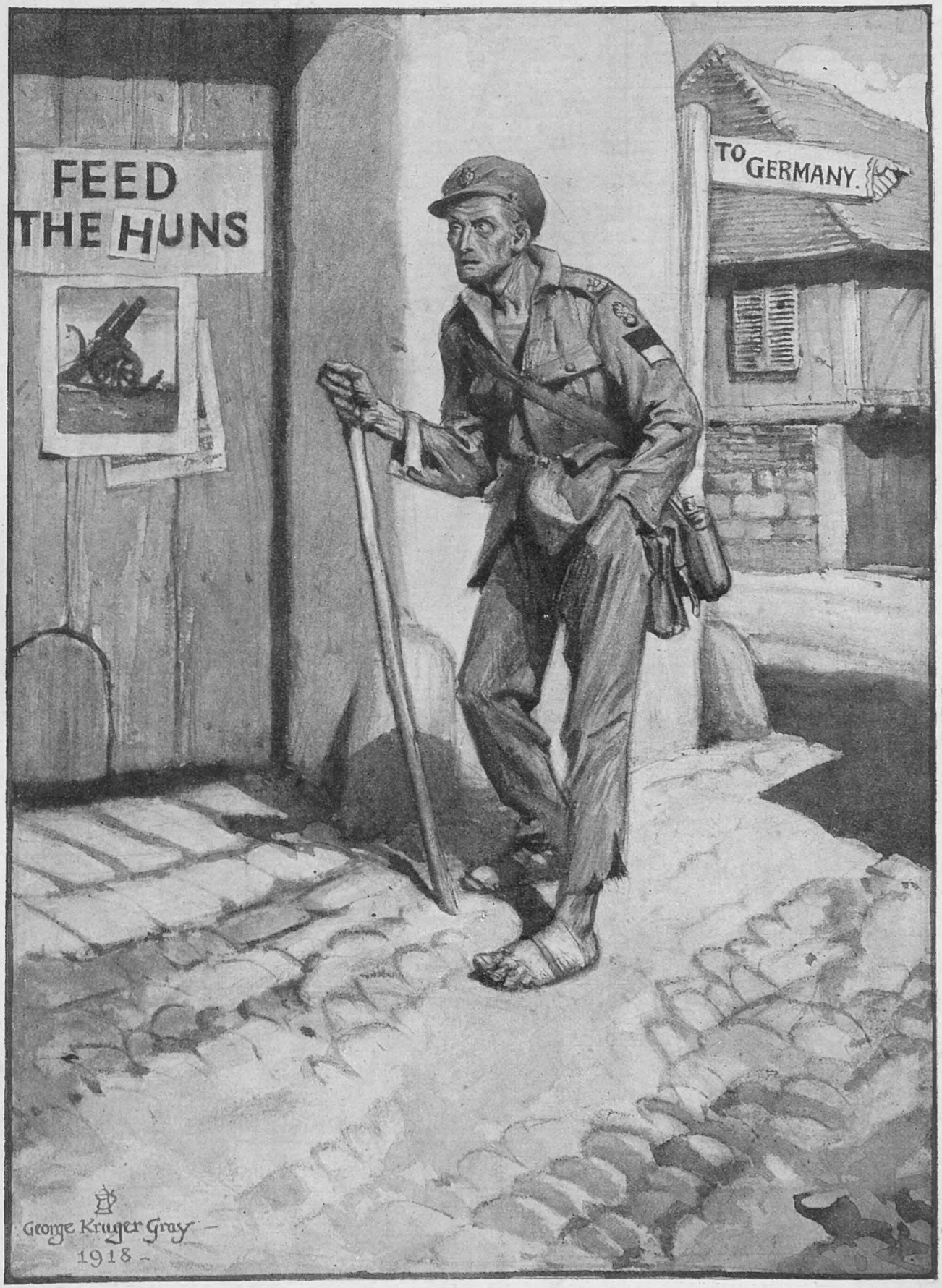

And yet we are to feed the Hun. Truly, we are a wonderful people

A Motor Note

ALTHOUGH but few releases from the colours have yet been made, I notice that the principal motor-making firms are beginning to put their houses in order for the resumption of business as before the day William upset Europe—to say nothing of the rest of the universe. The Standard Motor Company, of Coventry, have acquired handsome premises at 49, Pall Mall, S.W., for the sale of their 9.6-h.p. light car that ran so well in the trials at Harrogate, in 1914; the Sunbeam Motor Company, of Wolverhampton, have appointed Mr. L. V. Cozens as their representative to visit agents in Great Britain and Ireland; the Clement Talbot Company hope to get their works returned to them by the Government so as to begin filling orders in March; while on December 16, the Royal Automobile Club will celebrate their twenty-first birthday by a dinner of the founder members who have survived this world's ills. It seems a long cry back to December, 1897, when the latter "society for the improvement of the internal combustion engine as applied to road vehicles," was instituted, yet it is but a brief span in time's calendar. However, Britain's motto to-day is "Forward," so no retrospects will you get from yours truly.

THAT progressive firm, the Siddeley Motor Company, has got a brand new model on the stocks, as Mr. J. D. Siddeley, the presiding genius, told me he was not going to give his clients and customers old-style cars tricked out as 1919 models. Here's to you, J. D. I hope the others will follow your good example. As for motor boats, I am hoping Thornycroft's will send me one of their latest "skimmers" as a Christmas peace offering, so that I can wipe the eye of "Faed" Wilson and "Cordon Rouge" Hollingsworth at Burnham, as the British Motor Boat Club are getting up a fine racing programme, if the petrol is delivered. The excellent work done and the vast improvements made in motor boats during the past four years, will give that side of the sport of motoring a splendid send-off, as all the members of the Royal Motor Yacht Club and the B.M.B.C. have done their share towards downing the Hun—and right well, too.

***

BUT for strict attention to business I give the palm to the cycle side of the game of "wheels going round," as though the girls and what boys there were left in the works at Birmingham danced in the streets round the representatives of law and order on Armistice Day and the following Tuesday, the next day, Wednesday, they went back to work in the cycle factories, and vanloads of tubes were being delivered that day to them for building the "jiggers" beloved by the motor cyclists. Which reminds me that I hope some of us who know will be allowed to tell in the near future a few of the feats of daring done by the despatch riders attached to the R.E. Signal Service. For these motor boys, from the days of Mons downwards, deserve their place in the Roll of Fame. I hear that an effort is being made to form a re-union of those who served, so that should these lines meet the eye of motor cyclists who acted as despatch riders, would they get into touch with the Hon. Sec., of the Provisional Committee, Signal Service Despatch Riders' Club, R.E. Depot, Wellingborough? OLD HY.

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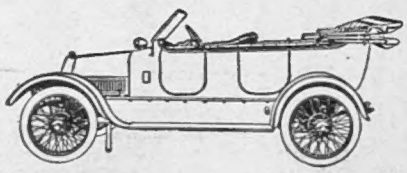

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